

Rail

The verandah at the golf club has an expansive view over the first tee and fairway. When a twosome showed up, each in a separate golf cart, I strolled over to object. "Carbon footprint! Why not share?"

One attacked me with his driver, but missed. The other stepped between. "You mustn't be offended. He's a Republican and hates ideas." We nudged him to a bench and he began to calm down, but pointed to his head and moaned.

Other fellow removed the hat and unzipped to uncover a rail running front to rear, enameled with the letters B U S H.

"Murderer!" I spat, but the victim just smiled inanely, with the pressure relieved.

"And how can we be sure Dems won't find another?" the other questioned, fanning him with a towel.

"We can't."